Ten Little Indians

One lit-tle two lit-tle three lit-tle In-dians
Ten litt-le nine lit-tle eight lit-tle In-dians

Four lit-tle five ... six lit-tle In-dians
Seven lit-tle six ... five lit-tle In-dians

Seven lit-tle eight ... -dians
Four lit-tle three ... -dians

Ten lit-tle In-dians boy.
One lit-tle In-dian boy.

SCOTT D. RYERSON '83

APA~FILK #18

ANAKREON

#18, APA-Filk Mailing #18 1 May 1983

FAITH EYRIE*

(Tune: "Hope Eyrie". Dedicated to the Society for Creative Anachroniam.)

Faith grows cold as the Earth grows old,
And serfs are snotty as hell.
So we look back to a brighter time,
When deeds of knights were the stuff of rhyme,
Before the Plantagenets fell.

CHORUS: For the dragon has landed.
We're going way back when;
Let's revive the Middle Ages again.

No music charms like the clash of arms;
The strongest shall be our lord.
He'll wave his hand as he grandly rides,
And have first nights with the peasant brides,
And do as he likes with his sword.

CHORUS:

To serve a king is a noble thing;
We don't want to rule ourselves.
Instead of the spaceship and printing press,
We long for the plague and monastic dress,
And heroes and dwarves and elves.

CHORUS:

From politics and heretics,
Deliver us, Lord, at last.
From all of our modern doubts and fears,
To certainties of the elder years,
We flee to the mythic past.

CHORUS:

The immediate inspiration for this song was Lee Burwasser's explanation as to why filk is not parody, with a filk version of Leslie Fish's "Hope Eyrie" as an example. (Strum & Drang Vol. IV, #4; APA-Filk #16) And I was also impelled towards it by Deirdre then-Murphy's comment, in Ourodh Rillieur #1 in the 15th Mailing, that I am "an intrepid fellow" for daring to criticize the Society for Guessing What Century It Is. At a greater remove, I have in mind Sir Walter Scott, T. H. White, Montague Summers, Charles Maurras, Seward Collins, Rodney Hartwell, Aleksandr Sobakysyn, and just about any environmentalist you may meet.

* - I suppose you could pronounce this "Faith Eerie", though it will probably be called "The Dragon Has Landed."

YESTERFILK - IV

As in last issue, Yesterfilk turns again to Count Palmiro Vicarion's Book of Bawdy Ballads. (Olympia Press, Paris, 1959). Yesterfilk, like other filksinging and folksinging productions, seems to deal with one of two topics: sex and politics. While politics of various viewpoints dominated the first two runs of Yesterfilk in this fanzine, I incline more towards putting another bawdy song in this one. After all, sex is still an activity in which an individual can take actions that affect his or her own life, operating under one's own individual responsibility, or lack of it. This can scarcely be said any more of politics, if indeed it ever could.

The Virgin Sturgeon

(Tune: "Reuben, Reuben")

Caviar comes from the virgin
 sturgeon
The male sturgeon is a very fine
 dish,
The virgin sturgeons need no urgin',
That's why caviare is my dish.

I fed caviare to my girl-friend,
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There's not a thing that she won't
 do.

I took my girl-friend to a surgeon,
Just to see what he could do.
Said that surgeon, "She's no virgin,
Where's the cash, or no-can-do."

Shad roe comes from a harlot shad-
 fish,
Shadfish faced a sorry fate,
A pregnant shadfish is a sad fish,
She gets that way without a mate.

Oysters are prolific bivalves,
They have young ones in their shell,
How they piddle is a riddle,
But they do - so what the hell!

The green sea-turtle's mate is happy
O'er her lover's winning ways:
First he grips 'er with his flipper
Then he flips for days and days.

The lady clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
She hopes her suitor, as a shooter,
Hits the self-same spot as she.

Give a thought to the canny codfish,
Ever there when duty calls,
The female codfish is an odd fish,
From her too come codfish balls.

The trout is but a little salmon,
Just half-grown and minus scales,
Yet the trout, just like the salmon,
Can't get on without his tails.

Lucky creatures are the rayfish
When a litter they essay.
Yes, my hearties, they have parties
In the good old-fashioned way.

I fed caviare to my grandpa,
He was a gent of ninety-three.
Shrieks and squeals revealed that
 grandpa
Had chased grandma up a tree.

Additional verses and commentary on this song, which reveals a moderate amount of knowledge of ichthyology, appear in Ed Cray's The Erotic Muse. Cray reveals that "Palmiro Vicarion's" real name was Christopher Logue.

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, a fanzine of filksinging, is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It is part of APA-Filk, an amateur press association of filksinging which is collated at the same frequency and address. For information about how to contribute to and receive APA-Filk, see the heading "The Ministry of Finance" elsewhere in this issue. ANAKREON also goes to other people who have expressed an interest in filksinging.

Singspiel #17 (Blackman): Quite right, and I should have mentioned this in the last issue. To repeat for the benefit of those who didn't get

the 17th Mailing, the Official Editor of Pagan-APA is John P. McClimans, P. O. Box 384, New York, N. Y. 10040. And, while I'm on the topic, the next collection in ANAKREON of verses for "That Real Old-Time Religion" will be in ANAKREON #20, which will go into the 20th Mailing of APA-Filk on 1 November 1983. That issue will go into Pagan-APA as well as to APA-Filk. People with verses for it should send them to me by the middle of October. Collections of "OTR" verses also appeared in ANAKREONs ## 6, 8, 10, 12, and 16.

"This Train is Bound for Brooklyn" is the second Tuli Kupferberg filksong to appear in APA-Filk. The first was "Ballad of the SS Troop", to the tune of Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets", which appeared in ANAKREON #5 with other pieces of military filk.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves
1171

Elliot Shorter often used to sing a subway filksong, about an unfortunate shipping clerk who tried to board a subway train at Times Square in the Friday rush hour. It begins:

"Along it came, the I. R. T., a-cannonballing through
From 242nd Street to Flatbush Avenue..."

This dates the song, because since about 1967 the train from 242nd Street through Times Square has gone no further than South Ferry, and now no longer goes to Brooklyn. And, alas, Georgie failed to get altogether aboard before the doors closed, for it ends:

"His body lies between the ties, among the dust and dew,
While his head still rides the I. R. T. to Flatbush Avenue."

Strum & Drang Vol. V, #1 (Burwasser): Since many filksongs are humorous in character, the traditional rules for versification may be stretched a little. If you try to sing the tune on the opposite page to "Reuben, Reuben", you will find yourself working rather fast, and cramming in extra syllables here and there. Nor am I terribly happy about the meter of the line "Before the Plantagenets fell" in the filk of "Hope Eyrie" on page one, but the line was too good to let go by. Besides, I couldn't find a dynasty of the period with a three-syllable name.

Considering how the sons of famous men have often turned out, there's not much sense in Luke Skywalker wondering who really begat him. For example, we need not go outside your 'zine, and can cite King Edward I of England as a good example. And his son King Edward II as a good bad example. (It's not whom he slept with, but that he let his lovers monkey with state policy.)

Doctor Orbit vs. The Trouble Cleff (Belov): To the best of my knowledge, this is the first time that a filksong has dealt with the late Jim Blish's flying cities stories. But the idea is clever, and the tune an appropriate one. After all, the "Okie" flying cities did become technologically obsolete, just as the railroad trains did.

ANAKREON #17 (me): Not all of the verses in "Adams Don't 'Low" refer to specific events in the Scott Adams computer adventure games. After all, why should I give hints to people who have yet to solve them? But the situations are comparable, though if you kick the dragon in Adventureland you won't even wake it up. But one of the games is dedicated to his wife, and in another is a seeress with the same name as hers.

Ed Cray claims that the last two verses of "The Happy Family" appear nowhere but in the "Vicarion" collection, and are therefore presumably of Logue's authorship.

Cray also claims that "The Happy Family" can be sung to "the maudlin melody of 'Scarlet Ribbons'".

As of the date of assemblage of this issue of ANAKREON, in mid-February, those maneuvers have come and gone in Central America, and the Sandinistas are still in Nicaragua. However, it can only be a question of time.

THIS WAY TO THE 1960s

Around 1960, there was much the same sort of nostalgia for "the old songs" as there is today. But then "the old songs" were the pro-union or anti-Fascist songs of the 1930s and the 1940s. They were the songs that had inspired the big struggles to organize GM auto plants, or inspire support for the Spanish Republic, or resist the red-baiting campaigns of the early post-war era. By contrast, "the Ike Age" was seen as a time when all the old causes were in neglect, and no enthusiasm could be generated for peace, racial equality, or social protests.

Sometime around 1961, I remember seeing Lee Hoffman wearing a button that satirized this attitude. It read: "I am a folksinger. If lost, please return me to 1932."

Now the same attitudes are back again, only this time the "button" would ask a return to something like 1967. And, sure enough, there has recently been a great collection made of songs of social protest. It is entitled Winds of the People, and contains 160 pages, bound in paper with a plastic binding, of the words to hundreds of protest songs, complete with guitar chords.

There is something rather odd about Winds of the People. It does not include the names of the editors, the name or location of the publisher, or even a cover price. The reason for this is found at the top of page 1. This is not, the anonymous editors claim, a commercial operation. "A bunch of us, friends, put together & duplicated these songsheets...they're not for sale to the general public."

It seems as if the editors of Winds of the People have been considering some of the same legal topics that we have been discussing in the pages of APA-Filk. While they have faithfully indicated the names of authors and copyright holders for each song, and cited the records on which they were sung, there is no indication that any of the artists are financially the better because of the publication of this collection.

(I am not going to feel sorry for them. For years Peggy Seeger, who is ripped off in this volume, has been singing a song I wrote without so much as sending me a thank-you note.)

Special mentions go to Sing Out! magazine, and subscription information is given. The collection is dedicated to Malvina Reynolds.

Although the spirit of the era from the rise of the Beatles to the Kent State Massacre is dominant in this book, earlier and later songs also appear. The American Revolution and the abolitionist movement are represented here, and so are Holly Near, Gordon Bok, and other singers of the post-Watergate era.

And then there is the effect of some important changes in attitude, and consequent changes in language. "You will find minor changes (or in a handful of cases major changes) in the words to some songs. In the great majority of cases, changes were made to eliminate sexist language (e. g., using 'Man', 'brother', or 'he' to refer to people in general). Coming up with a creative solution was hardest in the spiritual section. It's clear to us that God isn't male, but what do you sing without being awkward? (We compromised; some songs use 'She' to shake up our stereotypes, others are left as

'he', and still others try to creatively avoid gender."

However, this is the "me generation" that "does its own thing", so the editors go on to say that "if a song reflects your reality more fully as it was originally written, for goodness sake sing it that way!" I'd like to see how the editors would react to someone who approached "The Monk of High Renown" with this attitude!

The songs are classified under categories, and indexed by artists, by titles, and in special categories. ("Hymns", "Musicals", "Rounds", and "Spirituals" are listed here, along with various national songs.)

Winds of the People is a good place to find, all between the same pair of covers, the really good songs of this genre. On page 17, Charlie forever rides the M. T A. - and a footnote tells you what few people know about this song, that it was originally a campaign song for Walter O'Brien, Progressive Party candidate for Mayor of Boston in 1948, who pledged to reverse the subway fare increase. "Andorra" is on p. 73, an anti-war song that manages at once to be incisive and humorous. "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" is here, but in a truncated version. Other such songs from that period include "With God on Our Side" and "What Did You Learn in School?"

But non-political items are also present. On p. 79 is "The Fox", which I've sung to both my daughters. A few verses of "Ole-anna" are here, but not enough of them.

"The Banks are Made of Marble", "The Bells of Rhymney" and other things associated with the House of Seeger are here, and Gurney's immortal "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?" In the same section, "Rich and Poor", there is even a Latin roundsong from the Middle Ages: "Ego sum pauper. Nihil habeo. Cor meum dabo." (This, however, may be a love-plaint, since the translation is "I am poor. I have nothing. I gave my heart.") "City of New Orleans" is on p. 122 - a lament for the passing of the railroad era. "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho" is on p. 113 - but with the footnote that "Joshua & his followers carried out systematic genocide against the peoples living in Palestine at that time". And the gay rights songs are, by and large, even worse than the union songs of the early 20th century, and with even less attention paid to rhyme and scansion.

Despite the disclaimer on page 1, I would not be surprised if Winds of the People is on sale at various folk music shops. You will have to wade through a lot of rubbish to get the words to the songs you want, but it's worth it. Sturgeon's Law applies here as everywhere else, but the good stuff is still good.

There are no songs of the handicapped yet, but this will probably be remedied in a future edition. After all, everyone else is in it.

GRACELESS NOTES

If there is going to be another wave of protest songs - which I personally doubt - Joe Glazer's latest album starts it off. It is entitled Jellybean Blues: Songs of Reaganomics, and is promoted in the February 1983 issue of On Campus, the publication of the American Federation of Teachers. (AFL - CIO - M-O-U-S-E!) Songs include "Don't Wake the President Up", "The Fox and the Chickens", "Get the Government off Your Back", and "Don't Blame Me". The album or casette tape is $8.50 from Collector Records, 1604 Arbor View Rd., Silver Spring, Md. 20902.

*

I haven't subscribed to Sing Out! for a long time, and so it was only when Anne Hickling sent me the Sept.-Oct. 1982 issue of The Folk-

nik that I heard Sing Out! had suspended publication for financial reasons. This was the same issue in which "Dreadlock O'Tannenbaum" put the verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion" that appeared over his name in ANAKREON #16. He credits me with collecting the verses, and I've received several requests for them as a result of this plug.

Also in this issue is a song satirizing the U. S. Postal "Service" plan to keep the mail coming to you even in the event of nuclear war. Unfortunately, there is also a letter from an Irish reader who hits the well-known panic button over the sinister menace of nuclear power which is coming to Ireland. (Needless to say, a song in Winds of the People claims that Kerr-McGee murdered Karen Silkwood. Lost somewhere in the shuffle was the admission of her own estate's attorney, in the May 1979 trial, that she'd contaminated her own urine samples with plutonium. Karen Silkwood and Kerr-McGee deserved each other as appropriately as Abbie and Julius Hoffman deserved each other.)

Still, here is a task for the folk-music scholar. The earlier Luddite movement had its songs too. (One had the chorus: "Down with all kings but King Ludd", in honor of a Jack or Ned Ludd, a mythical character who was the movement's alleged leader.) Certainly these can be adapted to modern times. For "steam" say "nuke", for "boiler" say "coolant", and so on.

*

For various reasons, this issue of ANAKREON, though dated May, is being printed in February. Hopefully, the May mailing will not be as slender as #17 and its predecessor. Harold Groot wrote a few weeks ago expressing this same hope, and asked for several copies of back mailings that he could distribute at filksinging conventions. I sent him 3 copies of each of 5 different back mailings. Anyone else in a position to do the same thing should get in touch with me.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

Anyone who wants APA-Filk mailed to him or her should send me a few dollars for postage. I can also print APA-Filk contributions if they come to me in one of the following two forms:

1. Gestetner mimeograph stencils, or stencils that will fit on a Gestetner machine.
2. Ditto masters.

Either must be 8½x11 inches. Printing costs are 1¢ per sheet per copy. If you'd like more than the copy count of 50 printed, let me know, and I'll ship the surplus to you with your copy of APA-Filk.

Your account will be billed for postage costs, and an additional 4¢ for the envelope. Your APA-Filk Mailings will be sent to you by 3rd-class mail, unless you specify otherwise, or unless the otal weight is under four ounces. Postage/Printing accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended. The present state of your account, including postage and printing costs for this present 18th Mailing, is:

__________.

Vol. V #2 SuD Beltane

Perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781, for the sins of APA-FILK.

My Olivetti has a tendency to mess up on upper-case F, so if I have a lower-case in its stead, that's because I couldn't convince it to behave itself.

NOODLINGS: AT THE BIZARRE

I had occasion recently to send a check to Off-Centaur, and received a record and two books, all in good condition, in less than three weeks. That's better than some professional mail-order houses I could name. UPS.

I ordered SOLAR SAILOR because the rest of Leslie's stuff is on tape, and my machine is dead and was never music fidelity anyway. (Damnitall, is there no one willing to risk capital on us old-fashioned types?) Leslie's voice recorded is less effective than Leslie live--what did I expect?--and I now have some idea why Roland snarled at me once for wasting a good idea on TREKfic.

OAK ASH & THORN DRINKALONG SONGBOOK is very nicely made, with good printing and nice illos. Good songs, too. Source notes range from So&so printed this in sixteen-whatever to We got it from Whosis. Leaning heavily toward the latter; as it says in the intro, they ain't music historians, they just sing the stuff. Range from early Renaissance to modern, some pieces probably medieval but you couldn't prove it by me.

WESTERFILK II at long last, with pagination continuing from volume one and quality up to standard. Due warning that the new collection is more Performance than sing-along. Two selections were mistakes, both derivative; I don't say derivative songs are bad--Coulson's Peter Grupp/Van Rijn is very clever--but they have to be damned good to be any good at all, if you follow me. I suspect that II will not get as much use as I, simply because it is more Performance.

p o i n t e d n o t e

The credits page of WESTERFILK II has no entries from APA-FILK, yet there are dates that overlap our existance. If we're such great filkers, why aren't we in there? I'm well aware that none of us is in Leslie Fish's class, or Juanita Coulson's, or name your own; but we've been at this for four years and a fraction, and we can't blame it on communication gap, with Jordan right here in the apa, yet our production still begins and ends in these pages.

Fact is, we ain't trying too hard. We turn out a lot of dreck, and a lot of one-word-changed mickymouse. We spend a lot of time doing verses for the endless songs, which is fine for practice but a bit limited. (And we do reprinting and recirculating of course, which is something else entirely.) Most of our stuff is funny-once. At best.

No, I am NOT saying that we should Devote Ourselves to WESTERFILK quality, or that we shouldn't do funny-once and occasional endless-song verses. My point is that in over a dozen distributions, we don't even have that famous five percent. Sturgeon's Revelation is no excuse for not even trying.

WHOEVER HEARD OF . . ? (CONTINUED)

Lastish I mentioned that I was dropping postcards to three companies that advertised in IASFM's classified section. I dropped them on 17 January. Reply from Songwriters' Guild arrived on the 22d (postmark 20th), from Creative on the 26th (postmark 22d), from Broadway Music on 3 February (postmark 31 Jan). At least they all answer their mail.

NATIONAL SONGWRITERS' GUILD (2421 Walnut Rd, Pontiac MI 48057) has fancy beige-toned stationery and matching envelopes, which they don't waste. My address is on a pressure label over a scratched-out address typed direct. They send a "Dear Inquirer" letter, a list of benefits, and a printed questionnaire. $25.00 annual dues.

Benefits listed are agenting, collaboration sponsoring, and general advice. 15% commission for agenting, plus the cost (unspecified) of a demo recording or just a handling fee if you send in your own demo. Handling fee has changed since the list was printed; new fee is $15.50, and the beige-out is too thick to tell what the old one was. Their sponsored collaboration is without contact: A sends lyrics to Guild, which sends them to composer B, then C, and so on until somebody picks up and writes music for it. Then A and C (or D or whoever) split fees and profits. "The Guild for your protection employs the best legal staff in the business."

Questionnaire is mostly background. Under "What is your favorite style of music?" they list country, pop, R&B, bluegrass, jazz, disco, rock & roll, other. Under "If you became convinced that the style of music you most enjoy writing was not selling on today's market, what would you do?" they offer four specific possibilities: shift to the best-selling style; to hell with the market; find a style that does sell that you will write in; let the market come to you.

"Any service that a songwriter needs can be handled here and will be quoted the cost in advance."

CREATIVE MUSIC PRODUCTIONS (POBox 1943, Houston TX 77001) mentions songs and poems but concentrates on lyrics without music. No mention of tune-writing arrangement. They sent along a self-addressed--but NOT stamped!--envelope. "We offer free examination, free publishing, plus, we guarantee an offer to record your song by a legitimate record company." "All work not used, or returned with 90 days will be destroyed."

Copy of evaluation form included. Score range from 20 to 100. Of the ten headings, four deal with versification and three with grammar and legibility. A completely lousy piece, faultlessly typed and spelled, would land you in the "need study and polish" rating.

BROADWAY MUSIC PRODUCTIONS (7438 Pinecraft Sta, Sarasota FL 33578) also sent unstamped self-addressed envelope. Also testimonials, a contract and a money-back guarantee. According to the promotional material, this is a 40-year-old music service company; it offers to write music for verses, copyright advisory service, guaranteed acceptance of the song for publication or commercial recording, and a unique songwriters royalty agreement. Their music style selection list is slow rock, fast rock, rhythm and blues, ballad, folk, soul, country and western, disco, sacred or gospel, jazz, swing, other. Free examination of material, prompt reply. If you don't like the first tune they do, they'll write another or make full refund "providing request and return of manuscript is received within ten (10) days from date when manuscript was first mailed for Author's approval. Fee schedule is $85.00 for one song, $170.00 for two, $255.00 for three, $340.00 for four. "All songs must be contracted for at the same time in order to qualify for any quantity savings." Commission is 5% of all earned royalties after the first $25,000.00

T W A N G S

Another short distrib. Again only six contribs, and again no Bob Lipton. Lean times, or the *gasp* Final Decline?

QWXb (Baker): Don't worry, I don't want the music

SINGSPIEL (Blackman): The LRY Humn is to the tune of "Finlandia". I should have a copy around somewhere, but I can't locate it. LRY is the Uni-Uni youth group--it amalgamated before the adults did-- and in my day sang both folk and filk: "There once was an LRY" [Union Maid]; "What shall we do to the H.U.A.C.?" [Drunken Sailor]; "Oh, Censor Man" [Sinner Man]; "Won't you go home, Bill Buckley?"; et cetera.

ANAKREON (Boardman): No, the Queen and her rout aren't the bad guys. That's one Anmerson story where he has The Opposition rather than The Badguys. He doesn't do them as well as he does the Ythri/Empire standoff, but Anderson's fantasy is never as good as his SF. The Queen and her rout were trying to do what the protagonists succeeded (we assume) in doing in TURNING POINT--turning potential destroying invaders into contributing members of her own culture. (After all, it was their planet.) And of course, some people see the Technics as The Badguys, as unequivocally as you do the Queen. // Yes, the sun imagery gets multilayered there. Evening/dotage, the end of a day in the sun, sunset on the American empire as on the British, and the specific image of the sun simultaneously setting here and rising there.

FILK/DAWN (Groot): Hope to see more of you thish.

13 April 1983

A flyer from the National Songwriter's Guild, entitled "the Guild Bazaar supplement news". The new editor, Christine Williams, is over fond of underlining--one sentence reads like a comic book--but does get the information across. GUILD BAZAAR MAGAZINE available from the Guild, SUPPLEMENT NEWS available for $12.25/yr (5 issues), a sample copy for $2.70. Outside US/Canada the costs are $13.25 and $2.90 respectively. Discount for multiple copies. Order from the Guild Bazaar Supplement News, 2421 Walnut Road, Pontiac MI 48057. No indication of whether Guild members get better prices, or indeed whether nonmembers are entirely welcome.

To offset all this free advertising, I now quote from Consumer Frauds and Elderly Persons: a Growing Problem--an information paper prepared by the staff of the Special Committee on Aging, US Senate, Feb 1983. "Vanity publishing schemes and song sharks involve getting money from individuals on the promise of promoting their creative 'talents' (real or imaginary), or assisting them in the development of such a 'talent.' The scheme operator will imply a promise of national advertising, book reviews, distribution, special marketing services--but not so concretely that he will be held to it. Victims are left with a few copies of a printed and scored song arrangement, or a number of copies of books which established book review publications will not look at because of their publishing source."

Please to note, I have NO IDEA WHATSOEVER whether any of the groups I've been describing here are song sharks or legit. Be sure that if and when I learn, one way or the other, about any of them, I'll spell it out here in black and white. So far, I don't know.

And I've even got a song thish--or 80% of one--

F L Y B Y

[tune: Bedlam Boys]

Since last I ranged in, things have changed: The sky junk's getting thicker.

Here comes one whack across my track-- It makes some funny flicker.

Still I swing toward the sun, in at a run,

out again to Far Night--

For my year is long and my only song

is the parallax shifting of the starlight.

Bright I glowed when first I rode downslope where the sun could find me,
to blaze my tail to a fiery veil, across the stars behind me.
Still I swing (&c)

I mind when last downslope I passed, glowing again, far dimmer--
a world to drape with a gauzy cape, as I swung for the passage rimward.
Still I swing (&c)

Now inward swerve on the spacetime curve, again to the sun I travel.
With ice blown thin by the solar wind; there's not much left but gravel.
Still I swing (&c)

The last verse or two will have to wait until we hear more solid plans of just who's going to be doing the flyby and how they plan to go about it. The choice of tune is semi-political, by the by. Mainly I like it's swing, but there's a certain irony in the original chorus, "For they all go bare and they live by the air/And they want nor drink nor money." Steeleye Span recorded it as "Boys from Bedlam" in PLEASE TO SEE THE KING, and the OAT Drinkalong Songbook has words and music on page 9.

Annotations: Comets are short-lived, and Halley's has been around for a couple of millenia. At it's last return, it was very dim, and will probably be dimmer still this time. Or it may return as a shower of meteors; it is definately dying. On that same dimmed pass, in 1910, the Earth passed through its tail. The earliest pass I've been able to locate was AD 66, Josephus' flaming sword over Jerusalem. When I started, I thought of picking out things happening on earth ("I came in with the comet, and I shall go out with the comet.") but decided to stick to the comet itself instead; so no mention of swords, or Mark Twain, or even Halley and Newton.

For nitpickers: yes, 'dimmer' doesn't rime with 'rimward'. However, if your tongue is no more nimble than mine, you'll swallow the 'w' and skimp on the 'd', and make the 'a' a schwa, trying to keep up with the tune.

Yes, folks, this is Ourodh Rillieur #2, typed by a tired singer (tho Jim would still call me golden, I just feel sort of drab grey.) I am called in the mundane (and fannish) world Deirdre Murphy, and soon I shall go to my bed soon, which is located at 362 Badin Hall, Notre Dame, IN 46556. Anyone wanting to wake me up may call 219-283-8013, but unless it is important or you entertain me, I may be upset. However, I am not that adverse normally to be woken up to speak with friends---some days it is the only way they can reach me by phone.

Good Grief, that sounded disjointed even as I wrote it, it will probably seem worse when you read it. Suffice it to say that I have been incredibly busy with schoolwork, and in addition have been collating TAPS so that I can send it out tomorrow.

THREE MONTHS LATER...

The above is all that I saved before the computer crashed. After about an hour, they got it going again, but at that point I gave up, having lost about 1/2 hour of typing, and I being incredibly tired. I also lost all the mailing comments I had done. Well, I may add these later, tho they will be phrased differently, since my notes are scribbles on the pages of the apa itself. More in the natter meant for thish...

Simon

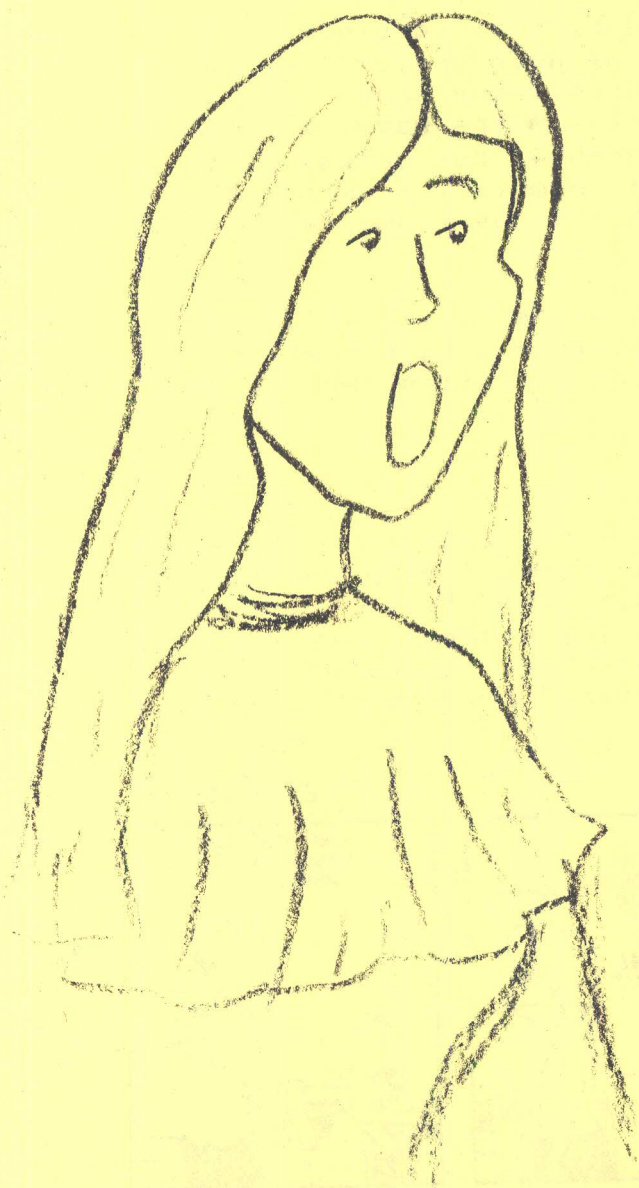
Jeb Cashin

Yes, folks, the above reads Oroudh Rillieur 2a. Why 2a? Well, see page two for an explanation.

2a is just as hurried a production as 2 was, however, I hope it will actually see publication in it's intended issue.

Anyway, this is Oroudh Rillieur (or Golden Singer for those who don't know memnisonian) number 2a, put out by the silly-strange Deirdre Murphy (address and such on page 3, like it or not). This is intended for the first issue of Apafilk put out in 1983 (since I don't have the last issue here (or any other, for that matter) I don't know what number it will have. It will include various natter, songs, and mailing comments (I hope it will include MCs, anyway) and illos of varying quality (all the drawing I have been doing lately is maps of Memnison, unless you count painting figurines) The only guarantee is that I will have paid for the printing of all within.

Featured in this issue will be two songs by Misty Lackey, a friend of mine who now resides in that far off land called Tulsa (she used to reside in South Bend, where I could talk to her for hours at a time, several times a week without losing my soul to Ma Bell) She sent me Memorial, and I asked her if I could include it herein, and she not only said yes, she included another song in a later letter.

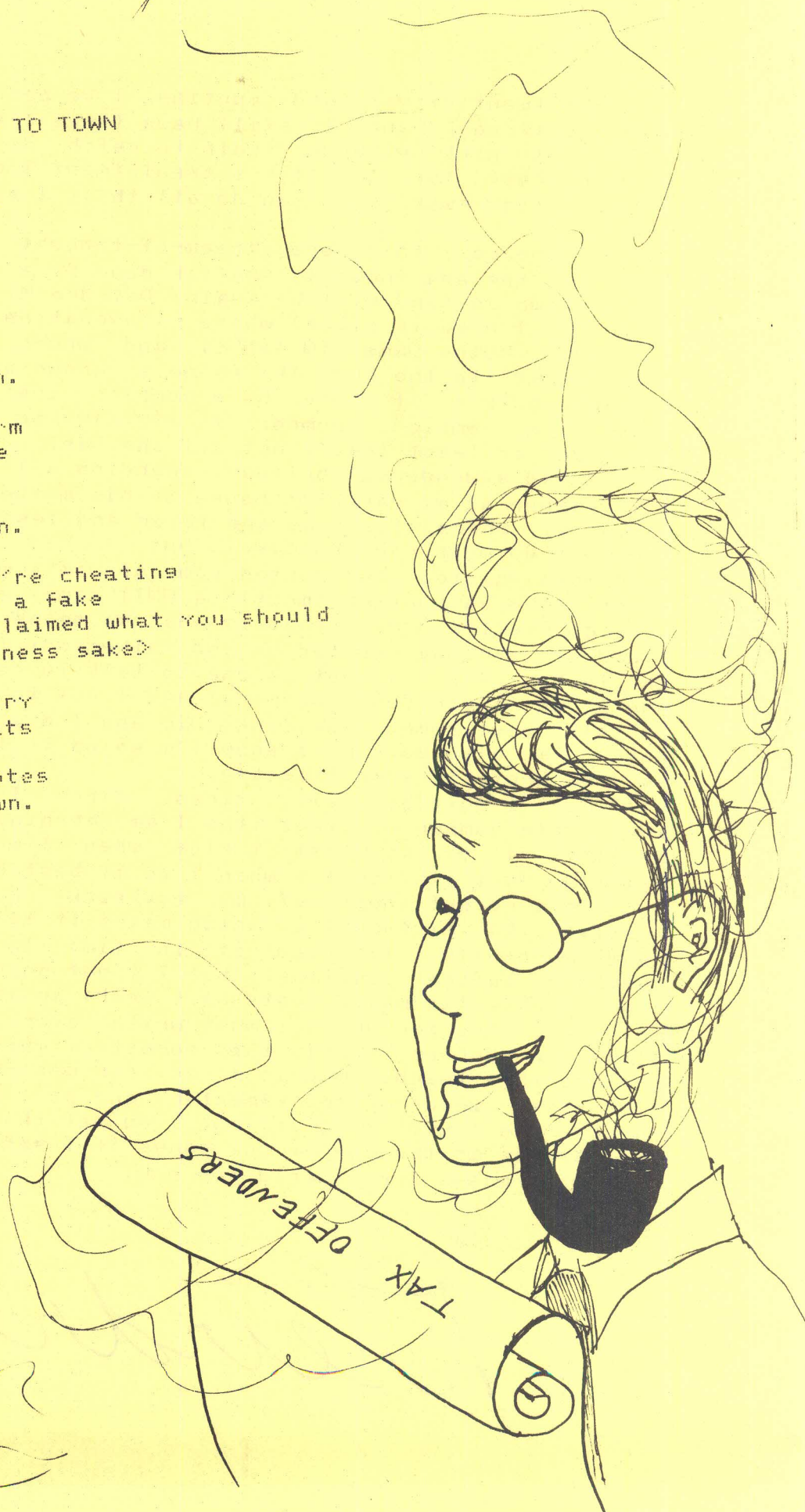
Well, this is about all the room on the page, so, I'll shut up, and send you on a trip three months back in time...

IRS IS COMING TO TOWN

by: Jim Rittenhouse
tune: the obvious one

A word to the wise
Who traffic in goo
Smuggling dope
is Taxble too
IRS is coming to town.

He's getting your form
And checking it twice
Gonna tax you
For traffic in vice
IRS is coming to town.

He sees you when you're cheating
He knows when you're a fake
He knows if you've claimed what you should
So be slick for goodness sake>

So, you better not try
A claim for your boats
Better lie low
And burn all your notes
IRS is coming to town.

Ten twenty-five...and counting. I've been up since this time yesterday, and I still have three classes to go to, extracts to pick up, and a train to catch at 8:35 tonight into Chicago for a doctor's appointment tomorrow, and, in order to stay awake so I can do all this, I sit here writing to you.

By the way, this here stream-of-thought writing is a zine for the apa known as Apafilk done by a zombie who used to be known as (and will be again) Deirdre M. Murphy (after all, all I need is sleep) whose rejuvenating bed resides at 362 Badin, Notre Dame, IN 46556; and whose phone resides right next to the bed. The phone is known as 219--283-8013 (I can't help it if phones have numbers instead of names) This here zombie's number is 192,118 and her password is SCA. But at least that's not all she has...

I had a wonderful holiday, spending all my time with Jim, either at my parent's house or his mother's (mostly his mother's, where allergens are fewer and less concentrated.) I didn't do much constructive, but I did get a lot of figurines painted, and sorted some of Jim's wargaming pieces apart from each other (mostly a WWII game, which was mostly General Electric grey (that is what ge means, isn't it?) And I did get somewhat rested up and talked out (I can be a real chatterbox when I've got no one to talk to regularly, and I don't in South Bend, anymore) and I got to listen to a lot of talk about computers, since Jim and I are looking to buy one. Jim also gave me a song I'm going to include here. He says he wrote it some time ago.

Gee, I must be really tired, since I am making an incredible number of typos (tho I am catching most of them.) Usually I do my best typing when I'm more or less blasted--just like that's when I do my best chording.

In a recent check of my backpack, I did not find lastish, to my surprise, which means it is somewhere in my room. Hopefully I'll find it in time to write mailing comments before deadline, but I'm not going to bet on it, since I have two major tests next week; am taking a creative writing course for which I must write every week; and am doing an honors thesis this semester, which I'm behind on because thee teacher who is my advisor was in Syria for the two first weeks of the semester, and so I added on a class in case she couldn't do it, so...you get the picture. I'll add them on at the end of the songs if I get them done.

Otherwise, Arrividerla for now,

Deirdre M

SCOUNDRELS
lyric: Misty Lackey
tune: "Irish Washerwoman"

C G7 C
Chorus: You can give me a bounder, a rounder, a cad;
G7
'Cause I really don't like nice men: I like 'em bad.
C
In summer or winter or sprintime or fall,
G7
A soundrel is really the best man of all.

Nice-guys never finish with what they have started,
They leave you frustrated, depressed and downhearted,
So give me a scoundrel who'll kiss you and run;
An experienced scoundrel is five times the fun.
Be he handsome and rugged and Harrison Ford-y
Or comfy and cuddly ~~and somewhat like Gordy~~ like Marty & Gordy
In summer or winter or springtime or fall,
A soundrel is really the best man of all!

You kan keep your Luke Skywalkers, sweet-faced and virginal,
I want a guy who without any urgin' 'll
Put me in orbit ten miles off the ground,
'Cause a scoundrel won't waste time in waiting around.
And when they deliver, those rascals are grand,
(As they cunningly kiss all the rings off your hand)
Of course when they leave you, you're feeling so nice
That you figure it's worth it, no matter the price.

Be he Dark Horde or Dorsai, Time Lord or Corellian,
Pirate or trader, just give me a hellion
Summer or winter or springtime or fall,
Just trust me! A scoundrel's the best man of all.
Call him Mouser or Indy or both kinds of Solo,
Whatever his game is, it's more fun than polo,
Ask Skywise and Harlock and Wolverine too,
When they're around women, they know what to do!

In and out of your life they will blow like a breeze,
With and a wink and a grin and a ~~mere touch of sleaze,~~ smooch and a squeeze
From the moment that one saunters in through your door,
You'll be treated like you never have been before.
*Be he dashing and daring like Retief or tricky
And sharp as a needle like space-trader Nicky,*
Just keep all your heroes, and space rangers 'cause
A soundrel has got something no one else does!

*alternate lines for leprechaun-fandom:
They're hell upon wheels, and the life of the party
(I wonder if we could make one out of Marty?)

MEMORIAL

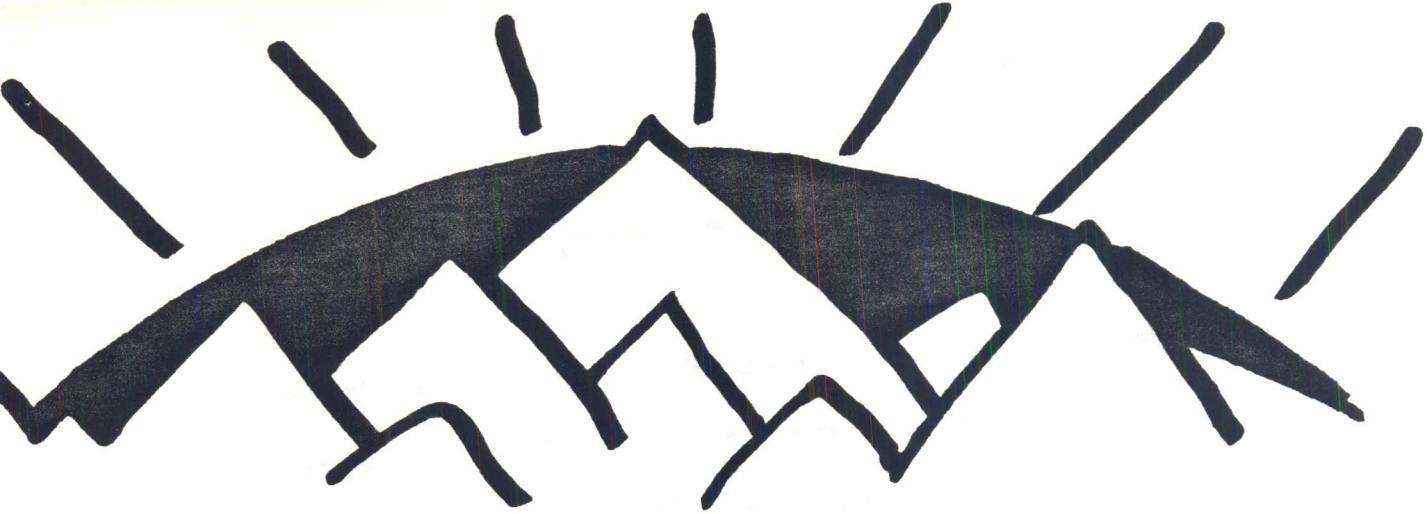
by: Misty Lackey

tune: Springhill Mining Disaster

```
    Dm           C          Dm   C
When you sing of Columbia or the Eagle
     Dm           F             G        Dm
and reach for the stars as your ultimate goal,
   G       F      C       Dm
Recall who fell along the way;
         Dm       C       Dm      C     Dm            C       F       A
for the star-road takes a fearful toll, the star-road takes a fearful toll.
```

And it might have been Armstrong, Aldrin, Cernan;
Shephard or Carpenter, Cooper or Glenn.
They all knew the quester's fee,
and the star-road's paved with the lives of men, the star-road's paved with the lives of men.

For the price was paid on a winter evening
when "fire in the spacecraft" somebody said.
In flame and smoke the shadow passed;
And on test stand two three men lay dead, on test strand two three men lay dead.

Forget not yet who paid the forfeit
To conquer the stars in the eagle's flight.
"It's worth the price" they said who paid--
Grissom, Chaffee, and Edward White; Grissom, Chaffee, and Edward White.

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn

verse 5, part II

for APA-FILK # 18

Harold Groot

2285 Deborah Dr. # 2

Santa Clara, CA. 95050

(408) 985-9564

There's a big advantage to writing this instead of typing. It can be done a few minutes at a time during the day. For example, right now I'm waiting for a meeting to start. If it's like some meetings, I may even finish this.

Impressions of a Transplanted Filker

There have been several articles written about what the differences are between East, Midwest, and West styles of filking. In this article I will give my impressions as to *why* there are these different styles.

The East has a lack of fannish performers, a lack of support by Concoms, and competition from groups such as Fred Kuhn and Light, Clam Chowder, and others who are oriented to stage performances. Filksings are held in rooms, stairwells, lobbies, and similar places where space is limited and/or acoustics are terrible. I am not sure if this is caused by, or is the ~~result~~ cause of, a lack of performers. The group sing is a natural result of few performers and an ~~a~~ audience orientation. The strongest single leader is also group sing oriented (Filthy Pierre).

The Midwest has a fairly large group of performers/leaders. A typical filk session will have a half-dozen to a dozen guitarists. The Concom will arrange for a room for the filksing, and it will be publicized in the schedule. The audience will range from 20 to 100. The "Performers' Circle" idea fits in well with an audience/performer mixture.

In the West, filking is not centered around Cons. Instead, a filk party is held roughly once a month (San Francisco area - others may differ). This leads to several changes. First of all, who goes to the party? Known filkers (and people interested in filking) get mailed announcements, and word-of-mouth does the rest. This results in mostly hard-core filkers attending. There is a high percentage of people capable (and very willing) to sing solo, and almost everybody knows enough songs to be able to request a favorite. In short, for all practical purposes <u>there is no audience</u>. In this environment, a Bardic circle (everyone must pick, pass or play) makes a lot of sense. Nobody gets left out, and ~~the~~ order is maintained (the rotate-and-jump Midwest style gets out of hand with 30+ performers unless they are <u>very</u> disciplined). Also contributing to the "no audience" syndrome is the almost universal familiarity with the Westerfilk Collections.

Now to get down to the realm of opinion. In my eyes, there is less enthusiasm, less spark, less Goshwowboyoboy when there is no audience. If almost everybody has heard most of the songs before it's easy to get a "pleasant-but-not-exciting" mood. It can be like celebrating Christmas with no children around.

There is also less cross-pollination out here. There are large filk centers in LA and SF, and that's about it. From Pittsburgh I went to cons in many cities - Detroit/Toledo, Chicago, Toronto, Buffalo, Boston, NY, Baltimore, Washington DC, Philadelphia, Columbus, Louisville, Cincinnati, Lancaster, Cleveland, State College PA, and Boca Raton FLA. I was always hearing new songs, and I always had songs that were new to the audience. From out here I've gone to cons near SF and LA. SCA travel has likewise been limited, since there are so many local events that there's less incentive to travel afar.

Notes on Con-Chord ▲ (Filkcon 5.1) (also known as Cord-Con, because of all the microphones) - I arrived around 9:30 pm Friday. There was a Midwest style sing going (Filkcon sets aside different times for different styles of filking. It broke up fairly early (2-2:30), but it had started at 6. On Saturday there were panels during the day, and no singing. The concert started in the evening. I got to sing 4 songs. Other singers included The Passovoys (GoH), Julie Ekler, Leslie Fish, Ann Prather, Jordan Kare, LA Filkharmonic, Cindy McQuillan, and several others. They had a PA system hooked up, but they had a lot of distortion in the speaker on my side. They finally just turned it off. Following the concert was a bardic circle. It took 4 hours and 20 minutes to go once around the circle. People would sing once and leave, knowing that they weren't going to get to sing again. I overheard a comment that the whole thing was listless, that the Friday Night (MW style) was better. I silently agreed.

SINGSPIEL 18th Stanza for APA-Filk #18 (May '83) Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 212-212-336-3255 / May 4, 1983

APA-Filk #17 was collated at First Saturday/February and almost immediately were premiered at the filksing being run by Greg Baker and Marc Glasser John's "Three Sandinistas" and my "Gafiate" verses. (Best reaction, though, was for Greg's impromptu "Bye Bye Schwartz" to the tune of "Bye Bye Love" in response to Dave's singing of "I Must Be Going" but not going.) Despite this, it was the liveliest, filksingin'-est First Saturday in a long while.

Glasser held an expectedly lively filksing at Boskone (which was joined for a while by Roberta Rogow); also, Charlie Belov won the filksong contest in the sf category with his "City of New Orleans" (which appeared in APA-Filk #17) - congratulations again.

Niven's and Barnes' Dream Park contains some of Poul Anderson's "Old Time Religion" verses and from the A&E Songbook "Friar Malone" (tune - "Molly Malone") and "No-Ego Wood" ("Norwegian Wood" - for the pun).

& - & - & THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #17 & - & - &

QWXb!!/ Greg Baker: "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life, and That's Why I Ended Up Here" - I've often shared the sentiment.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Fortunately, I havén't faced any of those consequences when I've given unpermitted instructions in one of your Scott Adams games. // Fred Kuhn has reportedly gotten some dirty looks around May Day by singing, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, / Tomorrow belongs to me" ("Well, it's the same sentiment"). // That was also around the time 6th Avenue became, on street signs at least, Avenue of the Americas (the D Train is still listed as the 6th Avenue Express).

A few issues ago, I mentioned "Young Man Mulligan" versions; here is my bid for the Young Man Mulligan Society: [Why?]

> Well, I flew against the Death Star next to Luke,
> Told the lad to use the Force to guide his nukes;
> Blade-running made me weary
> So I made mudpies with Neary -
> Doctor Haber diagnosed us both as kooks.
>
> I lost the Ark found by old Indy Jones,
> I'm the guy who taught E.T. to use the phones;
> I saw Lucifer a-rising
> And while Khan was Enterprising,
> Patched the wounded up in Sick Bay, me and Bones.

References are to STAR WARS, BLADE RUNNER, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, LATHE OF HEAVEN; RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, E.T., 2010, STAR TREK II.

- & -

The following song - or fragment, I suppose, since it would need another nine stanzas - had its inspiration during our Christmas caroling, with a nod to "The Nazgûl King of Angmar." et al. The title is the first line, the tune is obvious:

We nine kings of Barad-Dûr are,
For halflings we've searched long and far,
Ever-questing, need no resting,
Rising's the Dark Lord's star.

Chorus   Ring of Power, Ring of Might,
Ring of Doom, Eternal Blight,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us when our prey we fight.

- & -

The night after the big February blizzard, I was with a group, including Bob Lipton, at a Brooklyn diner when the background music played "Happiness Is." We sat there trying to remember the words to the Kent cigarette song ("To a sheriff it's which way they went ... To a soldier it's a monument, /To a smoker it's a Kent"). I got the idea of citing types of fans one runs into at cons: SMOFs, medioids, filkers, FRPers, masqueraders, hucksters, even readers of the stuff ...

To a Trekkie, it is touching Spock,
To a psycho, it's a shower with Bloch,
To a reader, it's a book by Blish,
All together, it's fannish.

Chorus   Fannishness is being at cons,
Fannishness is (a) phenomenon,
A way of life we look upon,
That's what fannishness is.

To a concom, it's a well-versed staff,
To a fan-ed, it's a vote for TAFF,
In a Dungeon, it's a magic wish,
All together, it's fannish.
(C)
To a neo, it's all his first time,
To a filker, it's two words that rhyme,
Some wear costumes to look out-land-ish,
All together, it's fannish.
(C)

Yes, I'm aware of the misplaced stress in "it's fan-NISH´" but it was the best I could do at the moment. ("It's fan-DOM´" had the same problem and was even harder to rhyme.) I think the song has possibilities ~~(which is a song from It's a Bird, It's a Plane, It's Superman)~~, however, and anyone willing to take up the challenge is welcome to do so.

It's going to be a long day, from the Q and Graustark collations to First Saturday and the APA-Filk collation. Hope it's a nice-sized issue. (We do, after all, have a copy count of 50 - where is everyone?) Till next time, then ...

♫ b

Doctor Orbit vs. the Trouble Clef -- G ab above middle C (or g for short, Lee Ann) (and the issue before this was f) (and the first was e and not #?) (and not 1, 2, or 3: this zine is not numbered) (and while I'm making ¢s with meaning only to apaFilkers, Greg, your karma song, sans the personal verses, is great! Why not send it into Doctor Demento on tape?) (Also, when I ran City of New Orleans in the last apaFilk, I inadvertantly changed "night" to "morning" in the final chorus. I've decided that I like it that way; Goodman's song is about the end of an era--mine is about the beginning of one. Egoboo Dept.: CoNO won the prize in the Science Fiction Category at the Boskone XXI Filksong Contest. I got to wear a garish ribbon with its attendand verbal egoboo-drawing effect.) (And note to apaNuer Joan Ryan--thanx for the congratulatroy card.)

Anyways, if you haven't figured out by now, this is by Charles A. Belov aka Doctor Orbit, 29 Crestwood Road, West Hartford, CT 06107, and I apologize for the poor quality of the repro as I haven't used stencils in about a year. This is for apaFilk 18, then for apaNu 96 or 97 and finally for whomever I send it to to let them know I'm still alive.

This month: I Never Metafilk I Didn't Like/Spring Filk Offering!

FILKSING
by Charlie "Doctor Orbit" Belov

tune: Taxi by Harry Chapin

1.
We were filking hard at Philcon.

We needed one more song to get to dawn.

We'd used up all the hymnals and filking zines;

Our resources were gone.

2. I said "What can we do? We can't be through;

It would be a shame if we gave up this late.
Everybody agreed that
It would be a rotten fate.

3. Then a fan came into our filksing.
I'had never seen her filk before,
But she said, "I've got a new filksong."
'Twas an offer we couldn't ignore.

4. In a short while she had got herself settled.
Then she casually tuned up her guitar.
She took lyric sheets from her pocket.
And suddenly we had: a star.

(continued overleaf)

FILKSING (continued)

A. 'Cause she sang the perfect filksong
I'll swear that this is true.
From the scansion to
From the scansion, each line,
To the rhyme, was divine;
I'd even swear to Ghu.

5. It was somewhere in the con hotel
I spotted her the very next day.
I asked her, "please teach me to filk so sublime."
I prayed until she said, "Okay."

B. You see, she was gonna leave that evening,
And I would stay for dead dog night.
If she left before she taught me
I could not get my filks right.

C. "Oh, I've got filksongs inside me
To drive a filk fan wild.
There's some S. F., fannish, and fantasy songs
Just crying to be compiled.
Oh, I've got filksongs inside me;
They're drifting all about.
But they aren't doin' my insides justice;
Tell me how to get them out."

(continued next page)

FILKSING (continued)

D. I felt her flowing through my head:

A strange feeling

Behind my face.

I felt her making connections,

Moving neurons

Into place.

6. There was not much more for us to talk about;
The lesson she taught me was done.
And I knew I'd write filks all my lifetime.
It's my blessing and curse, and fun.

7. And she said, "I'll see you at Worldcon."
But I knew I wouldn't see her then,
'Cause she started fading out before my very own eyes,
/ Spoken line / Saying, "Charlie, filk the fen."

8. Well, another fan might've gone crazy,
And another fan might've been awed.
But that other fan didn't hear her filk that night:
/ Spoken line / I knew she'd been a fan ghod.

A'. And she faded into nothing.

It's strange how you're never sure,

But still, she'd granted the fond wishes

Of this filking amateur.

9. You see, she was gonna leave that evening,
And I would stay for dead dog night.
She taught me to get my songs out
So I'd filk them all right.

(continued overleaf)

FILKSING (concluded)

A''. And here, she sings her filksong

Inside my memory.

And me, I write my filks for fandom:

Egoboosts, when I sing.

Egoboosted so high when I sing.

-30-

GOOD CHEVRON by Charlie "Doctor Orbit" Belov

tune: Good Shepherd -- trad., arr. by Jorma Kaukonen
as sung on the album "Volunteers" by Jefferson Airplane
No responsibility is taken for any road directions below!

If you want to get to {1. Boskone / 2. Philcon / 3. Disclave},

Over on the other shore,

Stay out of the way of the {1. Allston exit / 2. Pennsy turnpike / 3. Shirley Highway},

Oh, good Chevron, fill my tank.

Need a map/for the highway

I'll need a nap / when we arrive.

Can't you see / my gas gauge fallen?

Oh, good Chevron, fill my tank.

-30-

Words and typing: Charlie Belov, West Hartford, CT
Printing: John Boardman, Brooklyn, New York
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Stencils by Gestetner
Typer by Olympia
Filler lines by Charlie Belov

If you enjoyed this publication, why not read other fine Orbital publications? Bye, now!

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN

presents

```
 SSSSS   HH   HH   AAAAA   RRRRRR   EEEEEEE      &&&       EEEEEEE  NN   NN        JJ   OOOOO   YY    YY
SS   SS  HH   HH  AA   AA  RR   RR  EE          && &&      EE       NNN  NN        JJ  OO   OO  YY    YY
 SS      HH   HH  AA   AA  RR   RR  EE           &&&       EE       NNNN NN        JJ  OO   OO   YY  YY
  SSS    HHHHHHH  AAAAAAA  RRRRRR   EEEEEE      &&&&       EEEEEE   NN NNNN        JJ  OO   OO    YYYY
    SS   HH   HH  AA   AA  RR  RR   EE        &&  &&&      EE       NN  NNN        JJ  OO   OO     YY
SS   SS  HH   HH  AA   AA  RR   RR  EE          && &&      EE       NN   NN   JJ   JJ  OO   OO     YY
 SSSSS   HH   HH  AA   AA  RR   RR  EEEEEEE      &&& &     EEEEEEE  NN    N    JJJJJ    OOOOO      YY
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555555
5
55555
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SHARE AND ENJOY, the mindless zine that'll be the first against the wall when the revolution comes, is published irregularly by Beyond the Fringefan, a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, of One, Two, Three, Many, 41 Eastern Parkway, #10-B, Brooklyn, New York 11238; telephone (212) NEO-LOC-8. This is issue #5, dated May 1983 and intended for APA-FILK #18 and selected other targets (and I use the term advisedly). It's published by Quick Brown Fox Press in collaboration with Syscrash Programmers, both subsidiaries of Thingamajig Incorporated, and is copyright (c) 1983 by Marc S. Glasser.

I want to get something spread about before its topicality wears off. Garrison Keillor opened A Prairie Home Companion a few weeks ago with a couple of Beach Boys songs, in honor of the wonderful public-relations coup they'd scored that week. "You can't buy publicity like that," he noted, "no matter how much money you would spend: to be publicly condemned by Secretary of the Interior James Watt. I wish it had been us, but it was them, so congratulations to them." He then sang new lyrics to two old Beach Boys songs, which I think are worth disseminating; hence I'm including them on pages 2 and 3 of this zine. I intend to sing them at Disclave and EmpiriCon.

I really hadn't intended "Gafiate" to become another "Young Man Mulligan" when I printed it with Nate Bucklin's added verse here four months ago; however, last collation Mark Blackman added his two ~~cents~~ verses' worth, and when I tried playing them, Greg Baker threw in one that he'd been working on. I was so inspired that I wrote two more verses myself. Rather than including just the new verses here with instructions for insertion (*kinky*), I'm just going to put the complete lyrics at the end of the zine, redundant though that may be. I've decided, incidentally, that I will not add any more new verses to the canon unless they include new rhymes for "Gaf-". This would have excluded Greg's verse if I'd made the decision earlier, and one of Mark's would have been a borderline case, using "behalf" where I'd already used "half".

LIFE, THE UNIVERSE AND EVERYTHING: Comments on APA-FILK #16 & 17

FILKERS DO IT 'TIL DAWN (Harold Groot): Thanks much for "In Our Fathers' Footsteps"; I've loved that tune for eleven years now but have been turned off by the Christian overtones of the original lyrics. I've played this one at three or four conventions now and always gotten substantial applause. Now if only I could master that strum Stookey uses. . .

SINGSPIEL (Mark L. Blackman): You neglected to mention that at the Philcon/Deathcon filksing, I sang "Rest in Peace" (a song by Chad

SONGS FOR JAMES G. WATT

Lyrics: Garrison Keillor
Music: Brian Wilson

(to "Catch a Wave"--key of C)

```
       C
We got a bunch of National Parks and Forests and nature-type stuff;
                                         (nature stuff, nature type stuff)

G
   You'd think that one would be enough.
                                         (One's enough, baby, one's enough)

F
   With just one redwood, straight and tall,

      C
'Cause when you've seen a redwood, well, you've seen 'em all,

             Eb                               G          G7          C
But when you  cut a tree, then you're sittin' on top of the world.
```

It's time that Nature turned a profit and a-helped us get ahead;
(get ahead, baby, get ahead)
I'm tired of rivers running in the red.
(running red, running in the red)
We'll hitch Old Faithful to a steam tur-bine,
Take a chain saw to the timberline,
And when you cut a tree, then you're sittin' on top of the world.

It's time the deer and the antelope met some performance goals;
(met some goals, time they met some goals)
Time to get those bears off the welfare rolls.
(get 'em jobs, get 'em off the rolls)
We'll see if Bambi has got what it takes
When we mine in the forest, dump the dirt in the lakes,
And when you cut a tree, then you're sittin' on top of the world.

Well, trees are a re-source, not some place for the birds to roost.
(place to roost, for a bunch of birds)
It's a shame to see them so unused.
(so unused, baby, so unused)
We'll cut Sequoia and clear up the skies,
And build us a sundeck for a new high-rise,
And when you cut a tree, then you're sittin' on top of the world.

SONGS FOR JAMES G. WATT (continued)
Lyrics: Garrison Keillor
Music: Brian Wilson

```
    (to "Surfer Girl"--key of D)

D        Bm  G          A      F#m      F#m7          G       Gm
Secretary James G. Watt, we have heard from you a lot.

D                  G         A    D
Now we think it's time you went away.

                                            Bm        G              A
                                  (went away, you ought to go away)
Find a beach that's dazzling bright, with no off-shore drilling sites,
Sit and watch the waves roll in all day.                  G          A
                                             (all alone, by yourself)

G                 A      D          Bm       G            A      D     D7
  You've been in office much too long now, watching the paper tide.

G          A      D        Bm7        E          E7     A    A7
  Put In-ter-i-or behind you--time to go outside!

Sit beneath a clear blue sky. Take your shirt off, and your tie.
Take your pinstripes off and just relax.
                               (take it off, take off your shoes and socks)
Ride the surf or take a hike, with Wayne Newton if you like;
We will let you know when to come back.
                                 (let you know, you bet we'll let you know)
          Don't call us.  We'll call you, Mr. Watt.
          Don't call us.  We'll call you, Mr. Watt.
          Don't call us.  We'll call you, Mr. Watt.
          Don't call us.  We'll call you-oo.
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to MARK BLACKMAN continued — and Jeremy, about a memorial maker); some songs by the Grateful Dead; and the ever-popular "Dead Puppies". /*/ "Godzillion", as a term for an monstrously large number, was coined by Fred Kuhn, I believe.

ANAKREON (John Boardman): I once wrote "Here Comes the Duck", to the tune of "Here Comes the Sun", in reference to an Atari game called "Carnival"; I shall be merciful and spare this apa the lyrics. /*/ Shall I reclaim my postage money and save you the trouble of carrying me on your accounts, or should I leave it in and rest secure in the knowledge that I'll have my two-cents' worth in every collation?

DR. ORBIT vs. THE TROUBLE CLEF (Charles A. Belov): Congratulations on winning the Boskone filksong contest with this one.

FILKERS DO IT 'TIL DAWN (Harold Groot): I'd be offended by the verse about Mark Glasser, but fortunately I'm not he. /*/ I'd like to hear the tune for "Our First Steps"; every time I look at it, the opening words "It seems like only yesterday" cause my mind to click into Dylan's "Love is Just a Four-Letter Word", which begins with the same words. Unfortunately, the scansions do not match in the slightest.

GAFIATE

to the tune of "Shaving Cream"
Key of C

-by- Beyond the Fringefan a/k/a Marc S. Glasser
-with- Nate Bucklin, Greg Baker, Mark Blackman
-idea and chorus by- Neil Belsky

1. (C) I have a strange story to tell you;
It may cause you to cry or to (G7) laugh,
But a friend called me up just this (C) morning, (A7)
And (D) told me he (G) wanted to (C) GA-FI-ATE--
(C) Better not wait--
Get out of fandom (G7) before it's too (C) late.

2. He stopped by my house in the evening;
I gave him a Foster's to quaff.
He said, "Fandom is driving me crazy!
I'm left with no choice but to GA-FI-ATE. . ."

3. I said, "Friend, you have got to be kidding.
Do I have to draw you a graph?
You say that you want out of fandom,
But I don't think that you want to GA-FI-ATE. . .

4. [NB] "Your genzine is up for a Hugo.
You've been nominated for TAFF.
You've just been a Fan Guest of Honor.
Now don't tell me you want to GA-FI-ATE. . .

5. [GB] "Don't say it's because of a fan feud;
A fan feud's just good for a laugh.
It fills up a page of the apa--
Is that any reason to GA-FI-ATE. . .?

6. "Consider the fans that you cherish:
Of your friends, they make up more than half.
Unless you like being a hermit,
You couldn't survive if you GA-FI-ATE. . .

7. "Consider the fanzines you've published
On your trusty old mimeograph,
And your seventeen bottles of corflu:
What will happen to them if you GA-FI-ATE?. . .

8. "Consider the cons you've attended
And the ones where you've been on the staff;
You won't see another room party
If you stay in your home and just GA-FI-ATE. . .

9. [MB] "Remember the masquerade last year?
You went as a purple giraffe.
Just picture the half-naked slave girls,
And all that you'd miss if you GA-FI-ATE. . .

10. [MB] "Consider girls backrubs you've given.
I plead with you on their behalf:
One thing cannot lead to another [wink wink];
Your sex life will end if you GA-FI-ATE. . .

11. "Consider the parties you've given,
Serving blog in an iron carafe;
The noise caused your neighbors to move out--
Your life will be dull if you GA-FI-ATE. . .

12. "You must take the bad with the good times,
Accept both the wheat and the chaff.
Though ninety percent of it's rotten,
Ted Sturgeon ain't trying to GA-FI-ATE. . .

13. "You see, you are hooked on Trufandom;
It's a much better class of riff-raff.
I'll see you next winter at Boskone,
And don't tell me you want to GA-FI-ATE--
Better not wait--
Get out of fandom before it's too late."

THE UNIVERSE SONG BY ERIC IDLE

[SPOKEN: Whenever life gets you down, Mrs Brown
And things seem bad or tough
And people are stupid obnoxious or daft
And you feel that you've had quite enough...]

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
And revolving at 900 miles an hour,
That's orbiting at 19 miles a second, so it's reckoned,
A sun that is the source of all our power.
The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see,
Are moving at a million miles a day
In an outer spiral arm, at 40,000 miles an hour,
Of the galaxy we call the Milky Way.

Our galaxy itself contains 100 billion stars
It's 100,000 light years side to side.
It bulges in the middle, 16,000 light years thick
But out by us it's just 3,000 light years wide.
We're 30,000 light years from galactic central point,
We go round every 200 million years
And our galaxy is only one of millions and billions
In this amazing and expanding universe.

The Universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
In all the directions it can whizz
As fast as it can go, at the speed of light you know,
12 million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is.
So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure
How amazingly unlikely is your birth
And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere up in space
Because there's bugger all down here on earth.

(From the film Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. Submitted by Daniel F Lieberman, 1781 Riverside Drive, apt. 2-H, New York, New York 10034, to APA-FILK #18, May 1983. Last-minute correction, cleanup and repro by Marc S. Glasser.)